go round the other day," said an old-time trainer ut at the Benning paddock the other afternoon. Don't catch the meaning of hollering a borse home? Well, it's scaring a sulker pretty near out of his hide and bridle and making him run by sheer force of whoops let out altogether. This nag, Kriss Kringle, that was hollered home at Newport a few days ago, is a sulker from the footbills. He was sold as an N.G. last year for \$25. and at the beginning of this season he prances m and wins nine or ten straight races right off the reci at the Western tracks, hopping over the best they've got out there. Then he goes wrong, declines to crawl a yard, and is turned out. They yank him into training again awhile back, put him up against the best a-running on the other side of the Alleghanies, and he makes 'em look the bull ours one day and the next he can't beat a fat man. He comes near getting his people ruled off for in-and-out kidding, and then, a couple of weeks ago, or maybe a bit less, he goes out and chees up the track record, and gets within a scoand of the world's record, for the mile and three-

eighths I believe it was. Then, Tuesday they have him in at a mile and a sixteenth, with a real nippy field, as Western horses go. The right people, knowing full well the old Springbok gelding's propensities, shove their big coin in on him anyway, and take a chance on him being unable to keep up with a steam roller after his swell race a while before, and the whole crowd fall into line and bet on Kringle until the books give them the old storage countenance and say, 'Nix, no more,' then they get up into the stand and around the mishing rail and they see the aged Kriss, who's a rank favorite, begin like a land crab, when he sally goes out from the jump and spread-eagles shis bunch. They begin the hard-luck moan when they see the sour son of Springbok trailing slong third in a field of five, and they look into each other's mugs and chew about being on a dead one. Turning into the stretch, the old skate is a poor third, and stopping every minute a plain case of sulks, like he's put up so many times before. The two in front of him have got it right between them, when Krisa comes along into the last sixteenth suil third by a little bit, and then the gang let out in one whoop and holler that could be heard four miles. It's 'Wowel' come on here, ye danged old buck-jumper!' and 'Whooplat' you Kringle!' from nearly every one of the thousand leather lungs in the stand and up against the raul, and the surfy old rogue pins his ears forward and hears the yelp. Then it's all off. The old \$25 cast-off jumps out like a scared rabbit at the sixteenth pole. The nearer he gets to the stand the louder the yelping hits him and the bigger he strides, and he collars the two in front of him as if they were munching carrots in their stalls, and romps under the string three lengths to the good. That's what hollering a horse home means. It's a game that can only be worked on sulkers. The yelling scares the sulker into running, whereas it's lable to make a good dispositioned horse stop as if sand-bagged.

The got the through the plunger cones to him the day before the roce with the plunger cones to him the day before the plunger. Well, she'll of yours that it is all off.

The old \$25 cast-off jumps out like a scared rabbit at the sixteenth pole. The nearer he gets to the stand the louder the yelping hits him and the bigger he strides, and he collars the two in front of him as if they were munching carrots in front of him as if they were munching carrots in front of him as if they were munching carrots in front of him as if they were munching carrots in front of him as if they were munching carrots in front of him as if they were munching carrots in front of him as if they were for him the front of him a his bunch. They begin the hard-luck moan when they see the sour son of Springbok trailing slong third in a field of five, and they look into

did buy it by the basketful for a long time afterward. McKeever was worth about \$2 in his latter career, and not a whole lot more at any stage of the game, according to my way of siring 'em. As a five and six-year-old, he couldn's even make the doped outlaws think they were in a race, but his people kept him plugging away on the chance that some day or other he might pick up some of the spirit of his sire, the royal iroquots, and pay for his cats and rubbing, anyhow. When he was brought to Alexander island in the spring of '95, and tried out it was seen that he was just the same old truck-mule. One morning, after he'd been beaten a number of times by several Philadelphia blocks, when at 100 to 1 or so in the books, his owner had him out for a bit of a canter around the ring, with a 140 pound stable boy on him. A lot of stable infield, assembled in groups at intervals of a against the rail with a watch in his mitt and mumunboly things about the skate. There's a laugh among the stable boys and the rail birds as McKeever goes gallumphing around. Then a stable lad that's got a bit of Indian in him leans over the rail just as McKeever's coming down, and lets out a whoop that can be heard across the Potomac. McKeever gives a jump, and away he goes like the wind. It looks so funny the rail birds along the line that they all take up the yelp, and McKeever jumps out faster at every shout. He gets to going like a real, sureenough race horse by the time he has made the regult ence, and he keeps right on. The owner gets next to it that it's the shouting that's keepng the old plug on the go, and he waves his arms and passes the word along for the boys to keep McKeever does six furlongs in 1:14 with the assistance of the hollering, and the owner tales him off the track, gives him a look-over and some exita attention, and smiles to himself.

Then he pushes McKeever into a six-and-ahalf furlong race on the following day. He staher of his pale next to what's going to happen, and not a man of them plays the good thing at track. They have their coin telegraphed in bundles to the pooltooms all over the country. d Alexander Island. Iking about Alexander Island, there

good deat tarm of his base car, on account of his base car, on account of his base car, on and the ditch at the hardthe straters lade out of the game ner that I'm talking about came r baland with an ordinary bunch except one filly, that was real bigh in flesh, and not ripe. It could as a matter of fact beat any ca, being right and on edge, and difficult advantage of not being

MADE TO WIN BY A WHOOP.

ONE CURE FOR SULKY HORSES TRIED AT THE RACETRACKS.

A Rank Outsider Brought in First by Reliays of Shouting Stable Boys at the Rail—Revenge of the Peor but Not Honest Owner Upon the Plunger Who Welched.

Washington, Nov. 4.—"I see they hollered an old skate home and got him under the wire first by three lengths out at the Newport merry-geround the other day," said an old-time trainer at at the Benuing paddock the other afternoon.

The plunger digs up the owner of Juliet and says to him.

"My son, your baby won't do to day,"

"She'll make a stab, though, said the owner. I need the cash, being several shy of paying my feed bills. The game has been throwing me lately. She's going to try.

"You need the purse, hey? said the plunger. That's not much money. Only \$200, ain't it? How'd \$500 do?"

"Spot coin?" asks the impecunious owner, "Spot after my weanling gots the money. "You're on, says the poor but-honest-not owner. I'm not any more planty than my neighbors, but it's a case of real dig with me just now. Juliet'll finish in the ruck. Are you cluchy about the one you're got turning the trick?"

"It's like getting money in a letter,' says the plunger.

the one you've got turning the trick?

"It's like getting money in a letter,' says the plunger.

"All tight,' says the poor owner, 'you can walk around to my stall and push me the five centuries after they're in.

"The poor owner saw his boy, and Juliet's head was yanked off, with the boy's toes tickling her ears. She could have won in a walk, short of work as she was, but the boy had a biceps, and he held her down so that the plunger's good thing went through all right.

"After the race the plunger, who had made a great big thing out of it, hunted up the poor owner and heefed about the \$500. He said that he hadn't been able to get as much money on his good one as he had expected, and asked the poor owner to compromise for \$300. The plunger's poor mouth doesn't tickle the poor owner a little bit, but he is a pretty foxy piece of work himself, and he takes the three hundred without letting on a particle that he thinks it a cheap gag. The plunger goes away, thinking he has the poor owner on his staff for good, and the poor owner makes sundry and divers resolutions within him self, to the general effect that the next time he does business with that plunger he'll know it.

"Well, the poor owner doesn't race his good filly again for a couple of weeks, and all the time she's getting good. He gives her her work at about 3 o'clock every morning, in the dreamy dawn, so that nobody gets onto it just how good she is getting. He shoots her in about two weeks after he has been dickered down by the plunger. He shoots her in about two weeks after he has been dickered down by the plunger. He shoots her in about two weeks after he has been dickered down hy the plunger. He shoots her in about two weeks after he has been dickered down hy the plunger with to play the Juliet girl to win. On the day before the race the plunger comes to him again.

"I see you've got that nice little girl of yours

are occasions when the rule just has to be twisted that way.

CANNING SALMON IN ALASKA.

Large Development of Our Fishing Inter-

ests There-The Candlefish. The value of the fisheries of the United States has become far greater than that of any other nation, and no feature of our fisheries has had a more rapid growth than salmon canning on the Pacific Coast Salmon canning is by far the largest branch of the Pacific Coust fisheries, and | Egypt, sent five trotters here last week in charge the market value of the canned salmon put up on the Pacific Coast every year is about twice that horses as Nibbs, 2:1312, and Neva Wilkes, 2:1412. of the entire annual product of the lake fisheries. We have hardly realized yet how much the waters of the Alaskan coast are contributing to our wealth. In twenty years nearly, 700,000,000 s and rail birds were scattered all around the pounds of fresh salmon have been taken in Alaska, and the value of the conned and salted product 100 feet or so, chewing grass and watching the has been nearly \$33,000,000. Over a third of all 2:17%, and also by the last pair Vera Epaulet horses at their morning work. This old Mo- the salmon canned and packed on the Pacific Coast and Charmoin, 2:2712, that C. N. Payn was driv-Keever starts around the course as if he's doing | now comes from Alaska, and the industry is grow- ing on the Speedway last week. sleep walking stunt. The boy gives him the ling every year. It is spread along the coast from goad and the bat, but it's no go. McKeever the neighborhood of Sitka in southeast Alaska of the People's Gas Company, is here with a whole sucks to his caterpillar gait, and his owner leans to Kadlak Island near the Alaskar peninsula, carload of fivers with which he hopes to take and then further north into the waters of Hehring Sea, and that region now contributes about a fifth of the entire catch. Kadiak and Chignik contribute about three-sevenths of it, southeastrn Alaska a quarter and Cook Inlet, Prince Will lam Sound and the Copper River make up the balance. Along these hundreds of miles of coasts there are thirty canneries and more than half of them are owned by one packing association.

Capt. Glenn, of the army, who has just been describing his Alaskan explorations of last year in print, tells of the little cannery at Orca, not far from the mouth of the Copper River, which was so little known until recently that it could not be accurately placed on the maps. This cannery has a capacity of 50,000 cases per annum and employs from 125 to 150 men, of whom sixty are Chinese. The Chinese do all the work in the cannery, making, packing and labelling the cans and boxing them for shipment. The remainder of the force are fishermen and beatmen, and most of the fish are caught at the mouth of the Copper River. One day last year a vesse of the Copper River. One day last year a vessel of the company came into Orca having on board of the stable boys out of a job, in the infield, and hands them out their yelling instructions. Me Ecever is up against one of the best fields of springers at the track, and he goes to the post at 30 to 1 and strikes at that. His owner puts a large nume that the public strikes at says, nearly from a continuition just here packed some of the famous king salmon, which is indeed the king of salmon, not only on account of its size may be a subject to the famous candidate. In this region, too, is the famous candidate, which in the summer months puts in an appear tools in tumense numbers. Lant. Given says In this region, too, is the femous candlefish, which in the summer months puts in an appearance in immense numbers. Capt. Gienn says their schools are so thick that with every outgoing tide they are found east up on the beach, unable to get back into the water. It is easy to rather up a buck-efful of their in five minutes, selecting only those that are alive. The squaws eatch great quantities by simply dippling a backet into the water. They are much like the ordinary smelt in texture and flavor, though neith-oiler and two or three those as large. It is said the fish is called candle-fish because when its dried it will light and burn like an ordinary candle.

In Lieut. Learnard's report, also just printed, he says that along the coast in Prince William Sound, and also in Cook Inlet, there are picity of fish, the principal varieties being cod, haiffur, flounders, candlelish and salmon. Thousands of cases of salmon are packed and shipped away, wille many thousands of salmon are shaply thrown away because they are not of the cheest varieties. By this westeful policy several other species are being rapidly destroyed. Every fresh water stream contains plenty of salmon after they start to run, as the fish endeavor to get to the head of the stream before spawning.

In Time for Evening Service.

From the Chicago Timer He ald. BENSON, Minn., Oct. 29 - Miss Trank, 67 years of age, was on her way to church this morning, when she tound the crossing block, added by a stock train. Hather than be late at

aded by a stock train. Bather than be late at divine service, she casawed to clamber through the cars. Holding her Bible carefully, she had just mounted the bumpers of a car and was preparing to spring to the other side when the train started.

There was no opportunity to get down or up and no one heard her ories for help, so she settled herself firmly on the bumpers and was carried to Willmar, thirty miles distant, the trip occupying filty minutes. When the trainmen found her she was hanging to the rods with one hand and clutching her beloved Bible in the other. Her bonnet was somewhat out of place and her nerves were unstrong.

The employees of the road saw that she was well cared for in Willmar and the company cent her home on an afternoon passenger train in time for evening service in Benson.

The First Rainy Daisy. From the Chicago Tribune.

"Come on." said Noah, looking at his watch,
"Its time we were getting into the ark."
"You'll have to wait a minute," replied Mrs.
Noah from the top of the stairway. "I'm not
going out without my rainy day skirt on."

reaching influence of the opening of the Harlem River Driveway. The Speedway, as it is popularly known, has turned out to be something very different from an exclusive speeding ground, built at public expense for the benefit of a few rich men, as Senator John Ford, Frank Moss and the lone wheelman, Doll, tried to make out when they were doing their best to destroy the character of the driveway last winter.

Although it was thrown open less than a year and a half ago, time has already shown that everybody, from the butcher boy to the Wall Street banker, whose blood is stirred by the spectacle of horses in motion, finds his way up to Speedway Park, either to take a hand in the sport or to watch it from the sidewalks. Judged by the number of visitors, it is easily the most popular pleasure ground of its size in all New York, considering its remoteness from the centre of population. To reach the place where the sport is at its best involves a drive of fifteen miles for road riders who stable their horses south of Central Park, while those who go on foot must walk about two miles and a half if they go by way of the main entrance at 155th street and Edgecomb avenue, as most of them do. Ten thousand pedestrians sometimes view the sport from the sidewalks on Sunday, while hundreds of trotters, real and imaginary, genuine and counterfeit, stir up the dust on the soft earth road. On weekdays, too, there is always a line of spectators along the popular north end, and nearly every pleasant afternoon finds the driveway thronged with flyers. Let the word be passed around that some of the crack road horses are going to have a friendly tilt and a Sunday crowd will be there to see the fun. Such a prearranged brush between Frank Work's gray trotter Pilot Boy, 2:091, and Nathan Straus's Alves, 2 091, one Friday afternoon last month brought out one of the largest crowds yet seen on the Speedway.

Although the trotters are, of course, the chief attraction, the rugged, picturesque beauty of the hillside park and its surroundings adds greatly to the popularity of the place. Sitting on the broad plazza of the old white bouse balf way up the bluff, where the noted horseman, Charles Carman, lived and died, one gets a bird's-eye view of the driveway stretched out like a ribbon of of yellow velves, and of the trotters as they pop into sight between the tall granite piers of High Bridge and scurry away to the northward, disappearing a moment later beyond the rise in the road, where the graceful sweep of the great steel arch of Washington Bridge spans the Speedway and the Harlem River. Down below the the well-kept, soft earth road is the speedway

by Brignolt Wilkes. 2.1414. Brown Lace. 2:1944.

the scalps of Cobwebs, 212, Robert J., 2.0112.

Dariel, 2.0714, and the best of the New York trotters and pacers. The present delegation from the Windy City also includes the two crack trotters J. B. D., 2:1014. and Bennatella, 2:10, owned by H. M. Norten, and it is reported that James A. Murphy, who formerly owned Star Pointer, 1:50'4, will be here soon with Weed Wilkes 2 10'2, and other good road horses. Among the other notable visitors seen on the Speedway just now are the great half-mile track pacer. Prince Alert, 2.05%, and the Grand Circuit trotter Excel, 2:10%, owned by James Hanley of Providence, and Bertie R., 2 124, the international ringer that recently lowered the world's four-mile trotting record to 9:55 on a cinder track in England. This mare is owned by Robert E. W. Stephenson of Liverpool. She came over on the Bovic last Monday to sample the Speedway and take in the National Horse Show. In the same uplown boarding stable with Bertie R. and Prince Alert are Engarita, 2:14 , brought here from Milwau kee, for Speedway driving by E. T. Kelly; Palletta 2 184, owned and driven by John Grany, a banke, of Sch nevas: Carmello, 3:21%, brought down from Poughkeepsie by F. R. Hain; Major, 2:2114. and Tincture 2:26%, owned by Charles Hill of Albany, who is driving them on the Speedway; Davis Boy, 2:194, a big black pacer that G. W. B rd brought all the way from Tacoma, Wash to New York, for the fun of driving him at Speed way Park, and several other fast ones from hearby towns. At another bearding stable not far from the Speedway are Bungs, 2034, the fastest pacer to wagon in the world; and the troiters Lucide, 2.004, Jimmle Hague, 2.134, Arigal, 2.204, Franker, 2.214, and three or four other fast ones, all owned by C. K. G. Bullings of Chicago. Along with the horses Mr. Billings of the locage. Along with the horses Mr. Billings of the locage. Along with the borses Mr. Billings of the locage. Along with the horses Mr. Billings of the locage magons, besters a lot of other parasiteritalis.

This is the third time the Chicago readite has shipped an express car full of troiters and their trappings a thousand miles and back again to enjoy the Speedway sport, is may and most of the others having been here soon after the Speedway was opened in 1898, and again lost spring.

A reporter of Time Sux put this question to the Western horse faucter at the Hoffman House one day last week. o New York, for the fun of driving him at Speed

"Mr. Edilings, the readers of THE SUN would

Western horse faticler at the Hoffman House one day last week:

"Mr. Billings, the readers of Tite Sun would like to know why it is that a man who lives in Chicago with ship a carlond of trotters here by express to drive them on the road in New York. There is a Speedway in Chicago, the titere?

"Yes, there is a speedway in Chicago," was his answer, "but it isn't like the one in New York. The side drive as our speedway in Washington Park is called, is only half a mile long, and when you get to the end of it you have to pull your horse up too quickly for safety. The Chicago Speedway is not drained as perfectly as the one here and is unfit for use most of the time after the fall rains set in. Your New York Speedway is a wonderful piece of road in this respect. No difference how hard it may rain, today if the sun were to come out warm and bright to-morrow morning I could drive lumps a quarter in 30 seconds up there by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I don't believe New York road riders appreciate the remarkable drying out possibilities of their Speedway, as a general thing. It surpasses any piece of road I ever saw. Another thing, it is much better kept than our side drive in Washington Park. Here is a driveway that is sprinkled and harrowed and brushed as carefully as any trotting track. The footing is just about perfect. I believe a horse can go as fast over that stretch of road north of Washington Bridge after John Quinn puits the finishing touch on it as he can go on the Empire City trotting track, and that is given to the New York Speedway.

"But the main reason for bringing my horses here is that whenever I drive them on the Speedway I can be sure of meeting others that are fast enough to make things interesting. At home I might drive Bumps out to Washington Darks wery day for a week without finding anything that could make him go. Here there is always something could innovess a horseman more strongly with the size of this town than the great number of high-class road horses he sees at Nocelway Park.

ing could impress a horseman more strongly with the size of this town than the great number of high-class road horses he sees at Speedway Park.

I suppose there are more fast trotters and pacers around here than in any other four cities in A merica, and besides these you see out-of-town horses like my own from all over the country. If you want my opinion of the Speedway, I will just say this: It is the finest driveway in the world, and before many years it will be the most famous one as well."

this: It is the mest driveway in the world, and before many years it will be the most famous one as well."

Apart from the importance of the Speedway as a pleasure ground for the horsemen and the public, it has proved to be of inestimable benefit from a commercial point of view to the trotting-horse interest in New York and elsewhere. Before the Speedway was opened there was not a suitable road on Maninatian Island for driving a valuable horse at speed. With the closing of Fleetwood Park, horsemen were deprived of the last place where they could break their trotters, and there was no longer any incentive for New Yorkers to own them, unless, like H. O. Havemeyer, William Rockefeller and other millionairy house-fanciers, they kept their flyers at their country places where soft earth roads were at hand. A pneumatic speeding wagon was almost a curiosity. The boarding stables were all but empty, and those who still kept their road horses drove them only at long intervals. Now the stables are filled, the roadites are out every pleasant afternoon, many of them keeping three or four horses in order to have one at a razor edge all the time. Precumatic speeding wagons are to be counted by the hundred on Severth avenue and the driveways leading to Speedway Park. Anybody in touch with the driving fraiernity can name a hundred or more trotters and pacers with fast records that have been sold within a year and a half for from \$500 to \$5,000 to be driven on the Speedway. Horsemen estimate that the number of road inders has been multiplied many fold since the Speedway. Horsemen estimate that the number of road inders has been multiplied many fold since the Speedway. Was completed in July 1898. To a reporter of The SUN, Col. F. N. Lawrence said the other day, up at Speedway Park.

"New York never before had one quarter the

many fold since the Speedway was completed in July 1898. To a reporter of THE SUN, Col. F. N. Lawrence said the other day, up at Speedway Park:

N. New York never before had one quarter the the number or road riders that are driving fast trotters to day. I used to shoot partridges on the hillsides here when I was a boy, and I began to drive trotters when there was a soft earth road beginning at Corporal's Tavern on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street, when the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands, and running straight out to Bloomingdale and Manhattanville. I have seen the Bloomingdale Road and the Harlem Lane and all the old speeding grounds at their best, but not one of them could hold a candle to the new Speedway as it is this fall. It is better than any of them for speeding a tretter, because it is better kept and free from cross streets. It is one of the most picturesque and beautiful driveways I ever saw, and you can see more high-class road horses here than anywhere else in the world."

John J. Quinn, who has lived in close touch with the road drivers ever since Commodore Vanderbill's day, had this to say concerning the influence of the Speedway.

The opening of the Speedway has just simply revolutionized the intuing-horse interest in New York. 'Here is an illustration: Two years ago my boarders used to come around to the stable about once a week on an average. Some of them inst wanted to see whether their trotters were still alive. They seldem drave. They would sit around the office, talk about old times on the road, look glum and bewail the fact that there was no place in town to speed a testler. About all I used to hear from them in those days was. John, can't you find a buyer for my horse, fire same men come here every afternoon now, and they keep us hooping to get their trotters hooked up. They've changed their tune since the Speedway was opened. It isn't 'John, can't you find a buyer for my horse, any more. It's say, John, do you know where I can get a good one—a real crack-a-lack that can trim

ay trotters.

Capt. C. H. McDonald relates an incident which lustrates the effect of the Speedway on the board-

way and the Harlem River. Down below the
the well-kept soft earth road is the speedway
of the oarsmen, always astir with the narrow
working boats and racing shells; and just beyond the river is the speedway of commerce,
where iron horses of ninety tons, with styfoot
drivers and the power and speed of a hundred
equine flyers glide noiselessly over the rails with
long lines of vestibuled cars behind them.

Just now the wooded bluffs which rise above
the speedway on the west present a scene of unrivalled autumn splendor. Ivy and clematis
vines, in rich vermillion hue, creep along the
rocky edges in artistic abandon. The deep crimson and purple of the sumae bush are blended
with the russet and golden units of the maple
and hickory foliage, and the washed-out gray
of the leafless cluss making color effects as soil
and subdued as those of an Oriental rug.

In one short year the fame of New York's splendid driveway for the trotters has spread to the
four corners of the continent, and it is no uncommon occurrence newadays for horsemen of San
Francisco. Chicago and Boston to meet each
other up at Speedway Park. Driving enthusiasis
from all over the country are bringing their crack
trotters here to take part in the sport. At a present,
the out-of-town contingent numbers several netable horses and horsemen. Themas S. Harnsen, of Philadelphia, Consul-General at Cairo,
Egypt, sent five trotters here last week in charge
of Capt. W. H. Boyce, the lot including such
horses as Nibbs, 2.134, and Neva Wilkes, 2.144,
by Hrignoli Wilkes, 2.144, Brown Lace, 2.194,
by Jumps. 2.03'., and his other horses here last tring. And they say he paid \$6,000 for his new by Volmer, 2:24, and Jim Smith, 2:22½, a chestnut gelding that has trotted half a mile in 1:05½.
The Quaker City is represented also by Charles
T. Chipman, who has been here since August
with his crack pole team Sam T. and Jack Miller,
2:17½, and also by the last pair Veta Epaulet
and Charmoin, 2:27½, that C. N. Payn was drivting on the Speedway last week.

From Chicago, C. K. G. Billings, the president
of the People's Gas Company, is here with a whole

That so an actual the paid \$6,000 for his new
front mare Limite. 2:15½, lost to have a truster
to have an early only at lock as the paid \$6,000 for his new
front mare Limite. 2:15½, lost to have a truster
to have heredens all over the country. I tell you
when you come to look into the influence of the
Speedway on the truting horse interests. We a
good deal more than a local asfair.

"That's so put in Capt W. H. Boyce, who is
here from Terre Haute with the horses of Mr. Harrison. "We can see the effect of the New York
Speedway out our way very plainly. It has just
and they say he paid \$6,000 for his new
front mare Limite. 2:15½, lost to have a truster
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rison. "We can see the effect of the New York Speedway out our way very plainly. It has his added 25 per cent to the value of good road horses and hos made a new demand for trotters and pacers of that sort. It is a thing of national importance from the horse-breeders mont of view, There lent ta breeder in the country, in my opinion, whose libers stock has not increased in value since the Speedway was completed and opened. It has done more to boom the horse interests than any race track in the country.

Those who know the story of the new Empire City tracting track near Yonkers, are aware that the innertus given to the trading interest here about be the opening of the Speedway is indirectly respondite for the building and equipment of the 8750,000 race course, which many horsemen have pronounced the linest plant of its kind in the world.

The recent trotting meeting at the new track furnished a straw showing the influence of the Speedway on the market for trotting horses. During the four days of the meeting four horses that figured in the races were purchased by metropolition road riders to be retired from the turf and driven for pleasure on the Speedway. For Switt, 2161s, Brandywine, 2.20°; Vera Epadlet and Oscar, 2.20°, some hing like 55,000 was paid. According to report offers were made at the same meeting for half a dozen other good ones that the roa lites failed to get.

These who are at a loss to understand the enthusiasm of men like Mr. Billings and others who has buy high-priced horses that are capable of carning thousands of dollars on the turf and open first high the price in the first high the price in the start of them shelly for pleasure driving, many tadd information in the story of an incident which occurred the other day at the Speedway Chib Michael Reid, the florid faced, while haired, clean show to the road as Father Reid, gave a dirace to treatly or more of his Speedway friends by way of christening his new road horse. Farmer, Melville C. Boynton, owner of the game little trotter from hinder 2

From the Cinconnati Enquirer. DES MOINES, Oct. 29,-Judge Prouty's Court was considerably startled when Helen Brown was considerably startled when Helen Brown of Burlington, Iowa, declared she would not accept Henry Huskell for her husband. During the wedding ceremony, when it came to the part where she was askell if she would 'sceept this man to be her husband.' she burst into tears and sobbed: "No: I don't love him. I love that man over there by the door." She pointed to a stranger who had just entered the courtroom. He stepped forward and assumed possessine, while the would-be bridegroom retired in disorder.

Later Miss Brown explained that the stranger was her former lover, but that they had quar-

Later Miss Brown explained that the stranger was her former over, but that they had quarrelled and separated. In her distress she wrote to her old friend, Haskell, who was in Deaver. They met in Des Molnes and decided to marry. With the appearance of her old love a revulsion of feeling set in. She left the court-room with the old love, who did not give his name.

Marriage-Law Compileations in Oklahema. From the St. Louis Globe's emercial.

GUTHELE, Oklas, Oct. 30 — A suit has been brought before United States District Judge Burford, which will test the law passed by the Legislature two rears ago, prohibiting Indian marriages and divorces. The Osagetribe have full code of laws, with Legislature, courts, Ac., of their own, and they have refused to recognize this law as Judding upon them, the Chief Justice of the Osage Nation continuing to marry and grant divorces in accordance with their laws. Criminal action for violating the marriage law has, therefore, been commenced against him.;

for an injunction to restrain certain factories from

entering the window glass manufacturers' com-

bination. The courts decided that employers had the same right to combine as employees. Manufacturers who desire to organize a powerful monopoly can do no better than to study the history and the rules of the Window Glass Workers' Association, known also as "District Assembly 300, Knights of Labor." Supposing, for example, that a trust were to be organized on the principles of that of the glass workers, this is the kind of a trust it would be: It would absolutely control the price of its manufactures; it would prevent any kind of competition, it would dictate, without fear of failure, the wages of all its employees; it would render impossible the importation of any goods that it manufactured itself, unless the foreign manufacturers first handed over a big cash bonus and then allowed the trust to dictate the price at which they might sell the bonused goods.

A study of the glass workers' union will show that it can and does do the things this hypothetical trust might do, and that it is constantly reaching out for more power and is becoming still more intolerant, at least that is the adjective that would be used by union labor leaders to describe the actions of the glass workers, if the glass workers' organization were a "plutocratic octopus," a manu facturers' trust.

Not only are the window glass workers a trust, even stronger than the old-time guilds of Holland, they actually form a caste, handing down from father to son the occupation of ancestors, forbidding absolutely that the trade of glass worker be taught to others than near relatives, and thus hindering American boys in general from acquiring a good trade-in reality, the best trade in the country. The horror that the ancient Egyptian warrior caste would have felt had one of its members undertaken to initiate a merchant in the art of warfare wouldn't be a circumstance to the disgust of the window glass workers were one of their fellows to hand a blowpipe to some young fellow, kin to no member of their trust, and offer to teach him how to blow window glass. Ostracism would follow persistence on his part.

No one not a window glass worker has access to the apprentice rules of the union, and it may be denied that there are any rules of the nature described; yet it is well known that even twenty years ago, when the union was not nearly so strong as it is now, there were rules, well understood, even if not written down, limiting the apprenticeship. One example may serve as a case s point. In 1878 a young Pittsburger, now a ranchman out in Montana, found work in the glass actory which his great grandfather had established, and his grandfather and father had operated. The father had failed in business. Starting at the bottom, the young fellow carried "rollers," the big glass cylinders that are produced by the blowpipe, over to the "flattening" house, where they are spread out flat, ready for the glass cutters. It was hard and unremunerative work applied for permission to learn the trade of blower, and was informed that it was against either the principles or the rules of the union to permit him to learn the trade, and the fact that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had given employment to the fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers of the members of the blowers' union had nothing to do with the case.

The history of the window glass workers' caste.

is a record of a big organization, arising from a small beginning, seeking costly concessions from the manufacturers and changing these concessions nto privileges; constantly wringing new privileges from their employers, and at last controlling not only the price of their work, but practically managing the business of the factories, dictating the time of starting and ending the annual blast, and enforcing factory rules and regulations not submitted to by business men in any part of the world, unless it be newspaper owners. From the establishment of the window class

industry in the United States until 1866 the skilled workmen in the factories were the blowers, the flatteners and the cutters. The blowers formed a union in 1858. In 1866, when the industrial revival that followed the war began, it was found that the blowers could turn out more glass, thus in a minor degree, if they had some one to "gather" er to devote his attentic to turn by out a perfect, counsies roller while the gatherer was esting another ready. The blowers surgested the use of a gatherer and the manufacturers acquiesced. The presention of the bruefit accruing to the manufacturer and the blower by the employment of a gatherer can be gauged from the fact that the former paid the gatherer 86 a month, while the blower, out of his own wages, paid him from 829 to 836 a month, according to profesency. A few years later the gatherers organized a union of their own, and as a result the blowers were relieved of the payment of any purt of the gatherers greatly increased wages and the manufacturer had to now all. In 1873 all four trades united in the Mindow Glass Artsmen's Association, and in 1877 they went into the Knights of Labor as District Assembly 300, the four trades forming one body. About two years ago the cutters and factioners, dissatisfied with President Simon Burns, who was a gather, fell away from the association and farmed unions of their own, with charters from the American Federation of Labor. They are, however, as much of a trust as are the blowers and gatherer, said their principes are the same. The window glass workers are opposed to the introduction of labor saving machinery, other unions have made a failure in trying to sweep lack the flowl of machinery advancement, and although the window glass workers are opposed to the introduction of labor saving machinery, and although the window glass workers are opposed to the introduction of labor saving machinery, and although the window glass workers are opposed to the introduction of labor saving machinery, and although the window glass workers are opposed to the introduction of labor saving machinery and provider a proventic menting in machine flat is now under experiment, as saving machine flat is now under experiment, and although the window glass workers are opposed to the introduction of labor saving machiner introduction in the first of the although the window glass workers are op

yers to sign. Any manufacturer introducing into his works Any manufacturer introducing into his works new inventions or supposed improvements, shall, so long as said improvements or inventions continue to be an experiment or until it shall have been demonstrated that they will not be a loss to the workers, pay a guarantee to all workers to the workers, pay a guarantee to all workers whose work is or may be affected by said muchine or invention. When the Lathber improvement is introduced the datener shall be provided with a layer out or shoveloy.

The manufacturers signed this agreement, being helpless, although it is exident even to a cursory observer that the vagariness of the guarantee requirement would enable the union to "the up any factory the owner of which might desire to experiment with a machine. The rule

any factory the owner of which might de-te to experiment with a machine. The rule is been interpreted to mean, that no experiment as be considered until the manufacturer has nown that the workers will suffer no loss by the accessful operation of the machine, and after shown that the workers will suffer no ross by the successful operation of the machine, and after it has been found to be successful the workers with not allow to be used if they think it will built their wages. It's the same old spirit that protested against the sewing michine, the rail groads and improvements in spinning and weating machines.

There is no better illustration of the spirit that allowed the wildow Gloss I man then a fewer

There is no better illustration of the spirit that animales the Window Glass Union than a recent interpretation of the foregoing tule. One nonling a few months ago, the blowers and gatherers at the Shenango glassworks, at New Castle, Pa. saw traces of work that had apparently been done during the night. They mismily see jectest that experiments with a machine is down made and refused to go to work. When dofin know, the owner of the factors, came to his office a few hours later, and saw the men loofing about the factory, he inquited the cause of their dissatisfaction. They asked him who had been caperimenting with window glass machines. Mr. Know said that some friends of his had asked for permission to test a machine just invented, which, however, had nothing to do with window glass. The men asked for the names of the inventors, in order to cross examine to m. and M. which, however, had nothing to do with window glass. The men asked for the names of the inventors, in order to cross-examine them, and Mr. knox doclined to give the names. The workmen then demanded that Mr. knox go before a notary public and swear to an affidavit that the machine experimented on would not be a "loss" to the workers. This baid insimunion that they considered him a har angered Mr. knox, and be ordered him a har angered Mr. knox, and be ordered him a liar angered Mr. knox, and be ordered in the end out of his office and back to work. They refused to return to the factory, and even declined to finish up the glass which had been melted for the day's work. Their action being strictly against the agreement entered into be their union and Mr. knox, the latter appealed to Burns, president of the union, who sustained the workmen, thus closing the factory thirty days before the day set by agreement for the summer shuttown, and causing Mr. Knox thousands of dollars loss.

In Bridgeton, N. J. there is a firm which over

OUR GREATEST MONOPOLY

IT IS THE LAROR TRUST OF WINDOW
GLASS WORKERS.

It Tried Recently to Prevent Glass Manufacturers of discharge their non-union of course he was laughed at, and then he ordered the members of his union out of the window glass factory.

It Tried Recently to Prevent Glass Manufacturers from Forming a Trust - Its Opposition to the Introduction of Machinery - Its Warfars on Employers.

Pittsburg know the Window Glass Workers' Associability of the Window Glass Workers' Association, and consequently there was a good deal of amusement when this trade union, the oldest, tightest and most exclusive trust and monopoly in the United States, sought to prevent the employers of its members from organizing a trust of their own. The attempt was made in Indiana and in Smithport, Pa., the Court having been appealed to for an injunction to restrain factories from contenting the window glass men; and the Bridgeton bottle works is still running non-union.

The foreign contract labor law, passed by Con-

the stipulated sum every week to Burns's men; and the Bridgeton bottle works is still running non-union.

The foreign contract labor law, passed by Congress in 1850, was drawn up by the attorney for the window glass workers. When the discovery of the utility of natural gas increased the production of window glass, by causing the introduction of window glass, by causing the introduction of the tank furnace. It was found that the apprentice rules of the window glass workers' union were responsible for a scarcity of blowers and gatherers. The public began to criticize a system that had prevented American boys from learning a good trade, especially as it became evident that the necessary workmen would have to come from abroad. The window glass workers normally raised the initiation fee for entrance into their organization to \$500, and workmen from Belgium began to come in. The local United States immigrant inspector sought for evidence to enforce the contract labor law, but had to give it up, as he became convinced that the organization that had created the law was in that instance interested in broaking it. In fact, if the union had not lent assistance in importing foreign workmen the manufacturers would have gone before Congress and asked for its repeal, and the appendict law of the union would have been ventilated. That is the story of the real window glass trust, the organization that tried by judicial action to prevent its employer to organize.

THE DRIGON IN MR. GOMBEL

Bamboo-Stalk Doctor Killed It and Gave Rise to a Japanese Proverb.

In the old days, when Japan was a ill all Japan ese and the arts and garb of the Western nations were a thing unknown, the province of Tamba was the heart of the country. Elsewhere the ountry was gay with dalmies and their ronins and two sworded semural, who swaggered through ife and chopped off heads with native grace. But in Tamba a ronin was wont to produce such an hawk is overhead. The good people were all country folk, and, like the farmers of other lands, they were as green as grass. And rustle as the whole province was known to be, there was one comunity that was greener and even more old fashloned than any other part of the province Ahomura, the tiny village of Aho. In Kanagawa and Oseka, when one spoke of a man as from Ahomura in Tamba it was just the same as when in New fork one should say he is Mr. Hayseed from 'Wayback. That shows how verdant and how simple the men of the village of Aho were considered by the gentlemen of the twin swords in old Japan.

In all Ahomura, and therefore from one end of Tamba to the other, there was no man more strictly devoted to the ancient ways than Mr. Combei, a farmer like all his neighbors and not a successful one, for he was poor. One season he started in to work his field even before the frost was out of the ground. From the first show of day in the early morning until the evening grew so dark that the dim twilight was too scanty for him to distinguish the clods, he hord his field and soon planted his erop. When the seed was all in the ground, and he had time to think about himself, something was wrong with him. He was really ill, and if he was to live to reap the crop when he had sown he must see the physician.

Accordingly, Mr. Gomfiel visited Dr. Yabu, the only physician in Alternuta and only a bamboo-

stalk doctor, which is the Japaness way of calling him an irregular practitioner—in other words, a quack. The village was too poor to support a genuine physician who knew how to administer tigers' claws and deer liver, and all the really potent drugs of the ancient pharmacopaia of Dai Nippon. Dr. Yabu was only an here doctor, but he was good enough for the farmers of Tamba, among whom his practice lay.

Farmer Combei went to the house of Dr. Yabu under the ornamental gaieway, to which he was by no means chuided, being only a bamboostalk doctor, but like all quacks in all times and in every land he believed in making a great show. At the door the sick farmer put off his sandais and stepped on the clean mats, wearing on his feet only his stockings, those queer Japanese stockings with a special compartment for the great toe. The sick farmer neglected not one of the prostrations prescribed by custom in approaching the physician, and at last squatted on the mats with his feet to ked out of sight behind him. Then Dr. Yabu's muzmee brought in the charcoal brazier with the tea kettle just simmering toward the boiling point and set it before the doctor. Then she brought in the tea was made and served to the two gentlemen.

reware came to a hold and the tea was made and erved to the two gentlemen.

Then Farmer Gembet described his symptoms the doctor. He told of the weatness which he felt when working knee deep in the ditcles ow his food did not strengthen him, how his less was broken with cold chills. Then his how his food did not strengthen him, how his sleep was broken with cold chills. Then lir Yabu asked neighbor Gombel how much ground he had planted that season and in what cross and what harvest might be expected. Feirgonly a bamboo stalk dector he did not bother to look at his patient's tengue or feel whether his skin were wet and cost or dry and hot. It was enough for him to ask as to the crops in order that he might estimate what his chances were of collecting the fee when the harvest was reased. All this cuestioning as to crop pressure a combined.

estimable life will be spared. You must take Nin in:

"But, worthy Dr. Yabu," said Farmer Gombet in disnoy, "I have been told that Nin jin is a very expensive drug and only to be used by the two sworled samurat. Fam but a poor farmer and cannot afford to kill the dragon at such a cost.

"Nay, Farmer Gombel," regited the bamboo state physician, what is ten yen of even a hundred state physician, what is ten yen of even a hundred state physician, with your noise evidence. Let cannot should. John but a poor farmer and cannot should be kill the dragen at such a cost."

"Nay. Farmer Goullet, replied the bambon stalk physician, "what is ten yen or even a bundred yen as compared with your noble existence? Let that but trouble you. Take the Nin im which I will give you and when the dragen is dead and your crop is reaped it will be time enough to think of the mean and insignificant payment to my near knowledge. But otherwise the dragen will grow strong and consume with poinful rending your dignified insiders and you will regrettably come of exist.

On these terms Mr. Gombei at last undertook the treatment. Now Min in its, just as he said.

On these terms Mr. Gowbei at last undertook the treatment. Now Nin jin is, just as he said, a very expensive medicine in Japan. In America it is as peer as dirt, for it is the rootwhich we know as gingseng. In the South where it grows in abundance there is a saying of a cracker among the user whites that So an so is too worthless to do note than dig sang and skin a skunk. But in Japan it is worth many yen, for nothing else will kill the dragens which kill people from the inside out.

Accordingly, Mr. Gombei all summer long took the Nin in which Dr. Valin formished him, and the dragen must have be a killed, because the pain and the chills and the sleeplessness passed away.

pain and the chills and the sierplessness passed away.

But it was a very dry summer and there was no rain. When the green shoets were half grown in Farmer Gorden's fields the hot sun scorched them and their greenness was turned into worth less straw. When it came time to reap the crop Mr. Gombel's harvest was scarcely wouth ten yen. It was very said, but such is the farmer so let when the sky is not propilious. Then by Yahu bethought himself of his bill for services rendered. The handsoustalk doctor was no longer politic. He wrote his account with a coarse black brush on common straw paper in coarse black brush on common straw paper in coarse black ink, for he was not the man to waste fine rice paper on a farme, when his crop had falled. The but was for 1,000 yen. But poor Mr. Gombel could not raise even a hundred yen, much less settle an account of so many yen. He was filed with shame that he should through the accident of the drought be made to a dishonest in the shame that he should through the accident of the drought be made to a m dishonest in the lace of all Ahomura. He could not pay the doctor's bill, but what he could do be prepared to do. He called in his friends and all his family and gave them tea to drink and old them what had gave them tea to drink and old them what had gave them tea to drink and old them what had gave them tea to drink and by Ashi. He extelled the skill and learning of the bamboo-sprout doctor and told them all how he felt himself dishonered because he could not pay the bill of a thousand yen for killing the internal dragon. Had he been a samuras he would have carved himself with the short sword in the Happy liespatch. But being only a farmer he twisted a role of straw and hanged himself in the presence of his admiring friends and his family, who felt themselves honored at his noble character.

The reputation of Dr. Yahu grew until his fame as a physician extended throughout the

loss.

In Bridgeton, N. J., there is a firm which operates a window glass and a bettle factory. The window glass house was vun as a union factory, the henged himself after taking Nin Jin."

The reputation of Dr. Vahu grew until his fame as a physician extended throughout the province of Tamba. And from the honor of Mr. Gombei has arisen the Japanese proverb. "He hanged himself after taking Nin Jin."

HARD WORK: ITS MEANING.

WOMEN WHO ARE HARNESSED BE. SIDE OXEN TO PLOUGHS.

A Sight to Re Seen Even in This Country-Human Beasts of Burden in China and South

America-Power of the Human Laborer Strength of Insects-The Law of Labor. "Say, boss," said a tall, limber-jointed Kansas granger to the conductor of a Texas train that had stopped at a station not far from El Paso "Well, say it," retorted the conductor as the tall

man stooped and looked out of the window. "Why, look that a woman harnessed up with a cow an' a man settin' on a fence a smokin'! I'm dogged ef I ain't heard a good deal of Texas scenery, but I never expected to see that all in one pictur. Who's got a camera? and say, conductor, kin you holt the train while I take that pictur? I'd like to send it to the Paris Exposition as an exhibit. Jest holt the train while I git it and then one more minute while I knock

that underdone varmint off that perch." "Sorry I can't oblige you," replied the conductor, "we're off now," and he gave the bell cord a pull while the Kansas man ran through the car to the back platform and shook his fist at the man on the fence until he was swallowed up in

a cloud of Panhandle dust.
"See here, my friend," said a Texan as the defender of woman came back, "don't you get it into your head that harnessing a woman with a cow is a Texas institution, for it ain't. I've seen it in Rhode Island and in Florida, and it's common enough in Europe." "Is that so" said the granger.

"And then," continued the Texan, "there's some women so constituted that they like just such work."

"Well," replied the granger, "I'm a-travellin" down to Mexico to see the world and I reckon I'd better begin curbin' my curtosity or I might git into trouble; but that was a sight I never expected to see-a woman harnessed with a cow

haulin." "In all probability," said the Texan, taking a seat by the side of the granger, "women have a better time, so far as labor is concerned, in the United States than any other country in the world: but I have seen them harnessed in a number of States, and in some of the islands to the south the steamers are coaled by women, who thus do effect as is to be seen in a poultry yard when a | the hardest kind of labor, and among savage nations it is the woman who is the worker, the

drudge. "It depends how you look at labor," said a listener. "I never worked harder in my life than I did once on a fishing trip; but I thought I was having a good time and I wouldn't have swopped my chance at hauling in big fish for \$100. us or near us every day was a man who fished for a living; got up when we did at half-past three and fished until six and made about a dollar a net. He thought the world was against him, and that he was in hard luck. If you can only think you're having sport you are all right."

"It's hard work tryin' to make sport out of exercising with a hod, as I have done," spoke up another passenger.

"And yet," rejoined the other, "there was the Irishman who soon after he arrived in this country wrote back home and expressed his belief that he had fallen into a soft job. 'All I have to do,' he said, 'is to carry up the bricks and mortar and another feller does all the work." At least 1.500,000 Chinese earn a living by

the most arduous labor. They are carriers and

their task is to transport from 100 to 150 pounds from one to forty miles. In Canton, a carrier thinks pothing of a burden of the latter weight. and men can be hired who will transport 100 pounds sixty miles in two days at a lower cost than it could be sent by freight in this country. stalk doctor, which is the Japanese way of calling In Russia it is not an uncommon sight to see

men. A captain rounds up the flock of twenty or thirty men. At the word they fling the bags, which weigh 160 pounds each, upon their aboulders and start at a slow trat. The captain has a rattle with which he regulates their speed, turning it quickly to increase the speed and slower to decrease it.

The laborer in the United States sometimes believes that he has a hard time, but nowhere else is

how his food did not strengthen him, how his sleep was broken with cold chills. Then lift Yahu asked neighbor Gombie how much ground he had planted that season and in what cross and what harvest might be expected. Jetit only a bamboe stalk doctor he did not bether to look at his patient's tongue or feed whether his skin were wet and cood or dry and hot. It was enough for him to ask as to the crops in order that he might estimate what his chances were of collecting the few when the hervest was realed. All this questioning as to crop prospec s combined with Dr. Yabu's clinical cattriene in fees enabled him to make the proper diagnosis of the sick man's malady.

"I am deeply grieved to tell you, Farmer Gombel," he said, "that a young dragon six how living within your highly respected person and as it gets day by day stronger you will find yourself unable to eatenough to keep if tell. Thus in time the dragon will be hungry and will time the dragon will be hungry and will mist teeth upon your very respectable him to make you much repretable person and yourself unable to eatenough to keep it tell. Thus in time the dragon will be hungry and will units teeth upon your very respectable him to make you much repretable person here are also will also your south what a machine can do how about the hungry and will cause you much repretable person how that it is suil a young one and thus your stimable life will be spared. You must take the distribution of the hungry and will cause you much repretable person how that it is suil a young one and thus your stimable life will be spared. You must take a machine and only it cause you much repretable person here were supported by the work of the hands of the hungry and will will enable me to kill the dragon at such a rost.

"The taborer in the United States sould a traveller. The machine is well the hearings of Africa less. Yet these people in the wild be sounded to the hungry and will cause you much repretable person here. The well had your pounds and the proper diagnost the hungry

laborer exerts force equal to one-lifth of that of a horse. This is figured on the basis of exerting thirty pounds of force for ten hours with a velocity of two and abalf feet in a second, which is equal to 1.500 pounds raised one foot in a minute. So you see a laborer's work represents the exertion of nelittle newer.

"Did you ever compare the strength of men and animals?" asked a student of natural history. The lower animals are the real laborers of creation, especially the insects. We get many of our ideas from them. The great bridges call to mind cobwebs, the tubular bridge and tunnel makers took their ideas from the tereb. The Pyramida were built exactly as ants build similar piles, by the concentration of labor. If man was as atonic in preportion to his size as many insects. by the concentration of labor. If man was as actong in proportion to his size as many insects we should live in a day of grants indeed. Experiments have been made with a house fly to determine what it could lift if a man could lift as much in proportion be would lift a tree thirty-live feet high and as large as himself. If a man could lift as much thread as a fly has been known to carry off he could walk away with a cable sixty feet long and half as large as his body. The commen carwie is one of the muscular insects, if a lorse was as paweful you could load him up with three hundred and lifty pieces of heavy lumber, each as large as himself.

men carnier is one of the muscular insects, it is conclused the horse was as powerful you could load him up with three hundred and fifty nicross of heavy lumber, each as large as himself.

"And great nower is not restricted to the insect that would collectively weigh two tons, the gathering up of which was entirely the work of lamprey evis. They brought the stones in their mouths and dropped them there, and when a stone was to heavy two cels carried it. Skilled laborers they were too when it was impossible to carry a load without aid they strongled upward and held it and allowed the current to sween them down stream until they reached the desired spot; then among the very animals that are considered the least intelligent. I abor is universal, and you may took in vain for tribes of men or animals less settle for existence. They had refer than the humming -ind thet the poor describes as siphing hone; from every flower. In point of fact, it is visiting flowers to obtain made unnel for their food and often send their roots through the hard rook. When moisture is placed near the rosts of a dry encaleptus or orange tree the tendrils—root strong the hard rook. When moisture is placed near the rosts of a dry encaleptus or orange tree the tendrils—root strong for food, pressing out, robbing other plants, fighting and struggling for what they get. It is the rule of life and of all aborers, the human laborer has the best of it despite the occasional hard times."

From the Chicago Record.

"Look at Miss Bunk in her rainy-day skirt."
Great Scott! She must be expecting a